

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

The reputation and welfare of Maryland have been deeply affected by the fall of this University, and although it is the common duty of every man in the state to endeavor to re-construct it, there seems to be something more than an ordinary obligation upon those who claim to be the Alumni of this institution, to co-operate, and to make one vigorous, united effort, to re-construct and to restore it to its ancient splendor and fame, that they may be the special means of transmitting to their descendants, and to posterity generally, the benefits of an institution which the wisdom of their forefathers had created for them.

It is therefore respectfully suggested to the Alumni of this University, wherever residing, to hold a meeting on the first Friday in December, next, at the John's College in Annapolis, (by permission of the Visitors and Governors) to take into consideration the practicality of reviving this University, the plan, and the ways and means necessary to effect it.

As the Chancellor of the state is upon the spot, and is always one of the Visitors & Governors of the University, it is also suggested that he be invited to attend as President of the Convention.

Should this proposition meet with the approbation of those to whom it is directed, it may be useful to insert short paragraphs in the several newspapers of the state, and of the District of Columbia, favourable to the plan, and urging a general attendance at the Convention—as it is not only desirable that our once distinguished and venerable "Alma Mater," should be re-organized and restored by her Sons, but particularly so that they should form a Brotherhood of every surviving member of the family to undertake the noble work, to which gratitude and duty equally invite.

ALUMNUS.

P. S. The Editors of newspapers throughout the state, and in the District of Columbia, are requested to give this publication a few insertions in their respective Journals.

May 16. t1D.

THE STEAM-BOAT MARYLAND.

Will commence her regular route on Wednesday the 6th of March, at 8 o'clock from Commerce street wharf Baltimore, for Annapolis and Easton. Leaving Annapolis at half past 12 for Easton, and on Thursday the 7th will leave Easton, by way of Todd's Point, the same hour, for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapolis at half past 2 o'clock, and continue to leave the above places as follows: Commerce street wharf, Baltimore, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Easton on Sundays & Thursdays, at 6 o'clock, till the first of November, and then leave the above places one hour sooner, so as to arrive before dark. Persons wishing to go from Easton to Oxford can be landed for 50 cents each, the same from Oxford to Easton.

Passengers wishing to proceed to Philadelphia will be put on board the Union Line of Steam Boats, in the Patuxent river, and arrive there by 9 o'clock next morning.

The Maryland will commence her route from Baltimore for Queen's-town & Chester town, on Monday the 1st day of April, leaving Commerce street wharf at 9 o'clock every Monday, and Chester town every Tuesday at same hour, for Queen's-town and Baltimore, during the season.

Horses and Carriages will be taken on board from either of the above places. All baggage at the risk of the owners. All persons expecting small packages, or other freights, will send for them when the boat arrives, pay freight, and take them away.

Feb. 23.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN.

CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per Annum.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

| 1st NOVEMBER. | 2nd       | 3rd         | 4th       | 5th       | 6th        | 7th          | 8th         | 9th      | 10th       |
|---------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|-----------|------------|--------------|-------------|----------|------------|
| 23 Thursday   | 24 Friday | 25 Saturday | 26 Sunday | 27 Monday | 28 Tuesday | 29 Wednesday | 30 Thursday | 1 Friday | 2 Saturday |
| 7 15          | 7 16      | 7 17        | 7 18      | 7 19      | 7 20       | 7 21         | 7 22        | 7 23     | 7 24       |

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.

(Corrected Weekly.—From the American Farmer.)

White wheat, \$1.35 to 1.40.—Red do. \$1.25 to 1.30.—Rye, 70 to 75 cts.—Corn, 62 to 65 cts.—Oats, 35 to 40 cts.—Flour, best white wheat, \$7.50.—Superfine, \$6.25.—Finest \$5.87 1/2. Wharf prices.—Beans, \$1.25 to 1.37 1/2.—Peas, black eye, 70 to 75 cts.—Clover seed, \$9 to 10.—Timothy seed, \$1.50 to \$5.—Whiskey, from the waggon, 35 to 36 cents per gallon.—Apple brandy, 30 to 32 cts.—Fruit do. 65 to 70 cents.—Herring, No. 1, \$3.63 1/2.—No. 2, \$3.37 1/2.—No. 3, none.—No. 4, \$6.—Bacon, dressed, \$10 to 11.—Hay, \$17 per ton.—Straw, \$10 50 to 11.

Maryland Tobacco continues very dull.—Prices have not varied for several weeks.

Nov. 22.

New & Cheap Goods.

Adam & Jno. Miller, just received their well selected and extensive supply of FALL & WINTER GOODS, and they offer to their friends and customers on the most liberal and accommodating terms.

Oct. 24.

Public Sale.

By virtue of an order from the orphans court of Anne-Arundel county, the subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on Wednesday the 4th day of December next, at 11 o'clock in the morning, all the

Personal Estate

of Elizabeth Elliott late of said county, deceased, consisting of a quantity of Corn, Rye, Straw, Tobacco now lying, with other articles too tedious to enumerate. Terms of Sale, six months credit will be given for all purchases over twenty dollars, on the purchase giving bond with approved security, for all purchases under twenty dollars the cash must be paid on the day of sale.

Tilghman Mockah, Agent for Benjamin Elliott, Adm'r.

Nov. 21.

Levy Court.

The Levy Court of Anne-Arundel County will meet on the third Monday in December next, in the city of Annapolis, for the purpose of settling with the Supervisors of the public road. By order,

Wm. S. GREEN, Clk.

Nov. 21.

NOTICE.

The subscriber requests those who are indebted to her either on note or open account, immediately to pay the same. She is determined to prosecute all claims not satisfied by the 15th day of December next.

J. Munroe.

A. MUNROE, & CO. have on hand,

and will be constantly supplied with, good stock of ready made Boots and shoes, of all descriptions, to which they invite the attention of the public. Their rates will be uniformly for Cash.

Nov. 14.

Anne-Arundel county, ss.

This is to certify, that on the 4th day of November, 1859, Edward W. Dorsey, of said county, brought before me, one of the Justices of the peace for said county, a Horse, which he alleged had been taken up by him in the act of trespassing in his enclosure, the natural and artificial marks of which horse are as follows: a light chestnut, fourteen or fifteen years of age, hand high, docked tail, has worked in harness, a natural trot, and without shoes or any appearance of having been shod for a length of time. Given under my hand and this 4th of November 1859.

E. Baldwin, (seal.)

The owner of the above horse, is requested to come, prove property, pay costs, and take him away.

Edward W. Dorsey.

Nov. 14.

Sheriff's Office.

William C. Davis, Respectfully informs his fellow citizens of Anne-Arundel county, and the City of Annapolis, that he is a Candidate for their suffrage, as Sheriff, at the election in October 1860.

Sept. 12.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From a New Volume of Poems by Bernard Barton.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Around Bethesda's healing wave,  
Waiting to hear the nesting wing,  
Which spoke the Angel nigh who gave  
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;  
Beholding, while he suffered on,  
The healing virtue given—gone!

Among them there was one, whose eye  
Had often seen the water stirr'd;  
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,  
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;  
Beholding, while he suffered on,  
The healing virtue given—gone!

No power had he, no friendly aid  
To him its therapy about brought,  
But, while his coming he delay'd,  
Another won the boon he sought;  
Until the Saviour's love was shown,  
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there,  
Seen & conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing, anxious care,  
Would they have sought his pitying eye;  
And craved, with fervency of soul,  
His power Divine, to make them whole!

But habit and tradition awayed  
Their minds to trust to sense alone;  
They only hoped the Angel's aid;  
While in his presence stood, unknown,  
A greater, mightier far than he,  
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power;  
No Angel, by his glad descent,  
Dispenses that divine power;  
With which its healing waters went.  
But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,  
Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,  
Religion's outward forms remain—  
With living virtue only crown'd!  
While their first freshness they retain;  
Only replete with power to cure  
When, Spirit stirr'd, their source is pure.

Yet are there who this truth confess,  
Who know how little forms avail;  
But whose protracted helplessness  
Confirms the impotent's sad tale;  
Who, day by day, and year by year,  
Are emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,  
Which tell the visitant is nigh;  
They see the troubled waters move,  
Whose touch alone might health supply;  
But, weak of faith, infirm of will,  
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

Saviour! thy love is still the same  
As when that healing word was spoke;  
Still in thine all-redeeming Name  
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!  
Of that power, that love displayed,  
Help those—whom thou alone canst aid!

AN ENQUIRY.

Why candles invariably burn Blue in the presence of a Ghost.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue; it is not dead midnight  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

This mysterious subject has exercised the faculties of some of the world's most erudite scholars and profound thinkers. The learned German Blumenbergius, after maintaining that candles derive their name from Candaulus, King of Lydia, who first made use of them when he showed his wife unattired to his minister Gyges, for which he lost his crown and life, enters into a scholastic but somewhat far fetched argument to prove that, as that monarch was a great magician, and in habits of frequent intercourse with ghosts and spectres, he endowed his candles with this inexplicable property, that he might learn the approach of his supernatural visitants. Sertonius, however, who took his name from the circumstance of his being a tallow chandler, on which trade he has left a learned treatise, altogether derides this solution as fantastical and vain, asking very pertinently why this ghost indicating quality, even if originally imparted, should have descended to posterity; and proceeds to argue, first, that the colour assumed is not blue but purple, such being the proper translation of the ancient word purpureus; and secondly, that this being the colour sacred to kings and bishops, the number of those personages in the lower regions may have so saturated the air with purple, that all revisitors of war parer atmosphere give it out, like a halo, and impart its hue more particularly to the lights that surround them. This seems to me a fond conceit, and moreover savouring of the same illiberality that made Barry so prodigal of stars, garters, and mitres, when painting his scene of Judgment for the Arts and Sciences in the Adelphi.

From the Bellows Falls Intelligencer.

"Look well to your ways, for death will find you out, nor can you escape affliction."

This advice of a heathen philosopher to his friend, is as sound as it is ancient. If there is no escaping death nor fleeing from adversity, it certainly is of the highest importance to be prepared to meet the one or the other, not only without fear, but with calm resignation. Daily experience evinceth that the present life is attended with dangers and difficulties, and that adversity and frequent disquietude are inseparable from it. In a few fleeting years, perhaps days, we shall be withdrawn from the circles, in which we now move, and from the tender ties of friendship and love. The avenue leading to the grave is frequented by the humble and the proud—the rich and the poor—the monarch and the menial. Death regards neither age or situation, health or sickness. Once commissioned by Him who holds in his hands the breath of every living thing," and his victim is sure. It is possible, kind reader, that you and I may at this moment be standing on the verge of the tomb. Perhaps the "shuttle has passed the loom," that wove our shroud. Before the close of the present day, or the dawn of another morning, our eyes may be closed in death—our days numbered and finished. But should they be lengthened to three score and ten, or even four score years, the wheels of time will soon roll them off; and as every thing in this life, partakes of uncertainty, how infinitely important it is to prepare for that world, where there is no change, no adversity, sin nor death. There is nothing this world can give in return for all our labour, anxiety and care, which can make us substantially happy. When we suppose our mountain stands strong, adversity may suddenly overtake us—our friends may prove false, and the world may frown upon us. Or when we imagine ourselves on the border of felicity, the frail foundation, on which all our hopes rested, may give way, and we be suddenly summoned to the tomb. If the world is only a temporary residence, and adversity and death the inevitable lot of human life—if substantial happiness is not attainable without holiness, and holiness is the necessary result

of repentance of sin, and faith in God—why delay the period of repentance and reformation? Is not happiness that is eternal in the heavens, worth more than the uncertain pleasures of earth? If they are, why not seek them with as much zeal now. To-morrow may be too late. God has said, "my spirit shall not always strive with man." Now is an accepted time. Let us therefore assiduously labour to increase in that knowledge, which is calculated to make us wise unto salvation. For the time is coming, when if we are filthy, we shall be filthy still; and if we are holy, we shall be holy still. Let us be wise in time, that we may be happy in the blissful regions of eternity.

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Certain mysterious ignes fatui always assume spontaneously a bluish tint. In the Pyregrimage, or Curfew Act, passed by the Conqueror, is the following exceptive clause:—"Hoc non-obstante liceat ut Guilelmus de Wispio, alias Johannes de Lanterna, dec lucem cereuleam quocunque quotiesque vellet."

"Be it enacted nevertheless, that Will of the Wisp, alias Jack-o'-Lantern, have permission to show his blue light wheresoever and whensoever he will."—Whence we learn, that so early as the conquest, this was the prevalent colour of all supernatural flames, and that they were specially exempted from the jurisdiction of extinguisher or snuffers.

Swift, in a note on his lines—

This quire he dropp'd his pen full soon,  
While as the lights burnt blueely,

hazards a conjecture, that as none but the ghosts of the wicked re-appear, and candles, if properly made, are themselves wicked, there may be some secret sympathy or affinity between them; in support of which hypothesis he affirms, that they give out generally a faint blue whenever there is a thief in them. He asserts also, plausibly enough, that there may be a visual deception produced by the prevalent expectation of this coloured light; that nothing is so varying or uncertain as the hues which the same object assumes to different optics; that men seem to take a perverse delight in confounding the whole theory of colours, as one sees constantly written up over various shops—Gray, green, green, Brown, blacksmith, Black, whitewash, —Scarlet, blue maker, &c.; while nature herself has

given us the camelion as a puzzle; and has so confined one of our field fruits in its progress to maturity, that we may say with strict regard to truth, "All blackberries are either white or red when they are green, (i.e. unripe) Men moreover," he subtly remarks, "never see spectres except when they are in a fit of the blue-devils, which may impart their tone to surrounding objects; and that blue devils are superinduced by the parties getting into hot water, which circumstances alone may account for a change of hue as violent as it produces on jobsters and fleas, and occasion the patients to imagine every thing blue, as men in a calenture fancy the whole world to be green." These lucubrations appear to me profound and philosophical, but I doubt whether we may implicitly adopt them without further inquiry.

Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, informs us that—

"Soon after the murder of king Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the king's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, and other demesnes, for which purpose they met on the 13th of October, 1649, and took up their residence in the king's own rooms, sitting in the Presence Chamber, for the dispatch of business. On the 16th of this month, in the midst of their debate there entered a large black dog howling, who overturned three of their chairs, crept under a bed, and vanished, although all the doors had been kept carefully locked. The next day, sitting in a lower room, they heard persons walking overhead, though the chamber was locked up; the wood of the King's oak was brought from the dining room, and thrown with great violence into the Presence Chamber; the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture were forcibly hurried about the room; the papers containing the minutes of their transactions were torn, and the ink-glass broken, the doors all the while remaining fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. The night following, Sharp, the Secretary, and two of the servants, being asleep in the same room, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads that they expected to have their necks broken, and then were let fall again with a violence that shook the whole house.

"On the night of the 19th, all being abed in the same room for greater security, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant burnt blue, and then went out with a sulphurous smell, and that moment the wooden trenchers whereon they had eaten the day before, and which had been locked up in the pantry, were hurled about the room with great violence. On several following nights the candles changed colour as before, strange noises were heard, their honours received sore bruises from logs of wood and other substances thrown upon them, which kept rolling about the room all night though next morning nothing could be seen. On the 29th, about midnight, the candles went out blue as usual, something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows, great stones flew about in all directions, and at about a quarter after one a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about 8 minutes distance, which being heard through the country for sixteen miles round, brought all the neighbourhood into their honours room, where they gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where in Dr. Plot's time they were still to be seen.

"The commissioners during this visitation gave themselves up for lost, crying aloud for help, and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit as he ran in his shirt from one room to the other. Still, however, they resolved on continuing their labours, when on the 1st of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued, candles were lighted up in every part of the room, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all burning blue, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard, & the burning billets were tossed about even on their honours beds,

who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground, an hour after the candles went out as usual, horses' bones came bounding into the room with great force, the curtains and windows were violently torn and shaken, & the whole neighbourhood alarmed with such tremendous noises, that even the rabbit stealers who were abroad that night in the Warren were so terrified that they fled away, leaving their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked the spirit what it was, and why it disturbed them so; to which, however, no answer was given.

"One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it on the door way between the two chambers; and as he watched it, he plainly saw a host striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this he was so bold as to draw a sword, but had scarce got it out when he felt another invisible hand pulling it from him, & at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another explosion like the broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such, shaking the house so violently that they expected every minute it would fall upon their heads. But what put an end to their proceedings happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when a paper in which they had signed a mutual agreement to share a part of the premises among themselves, (which paper they had hid for the present under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew,) was consumed in a wonderful manner by the earth's taking fire and burning violently with a blue flame and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never again prevail on to return." Thus far Dr. Plot, whose narrative, occurring in a grave and authentic county history, affords abundant testimony to the fact which forms the subject of this essay, while it supplies much matter for serious and deep reflection. Later writers offer concurrent evidence. Colman, in his pathetic ballad, describing the appearance of a gardener's ghost, particularly notes that the candle turned blue—"Though a large dip of four the pound;" and Lewis, in his Alonzo the brave, fails not to record, that at the appearance of the skeleton guest—

"All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight,  
The dogs as they eyed him drew back in affright,  
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue!"

but neither author attempts any solution of the phenomenon.

My own theory, which I submit with great deference, is entirely founded on the system of chromatics. Every ray of light it is well known, consists of seven primary colours; and that the colours of bodies proceed from their disposition to reflect one sort of rays and absorb the other; such substance as reflect two or more sorts of rays appearing of various colours; the whiteness of bodies arising from their reflecting all the rays of light promiscuously, and their blackness from their inability to reflect any.

Now, if a candle—but I forgot to mention in the conclusion of Dr. Plot's marvellous narrative, that the whole contrivance was subsequently discovered to be the invention of the memorable Joseph Collins, of Oxford, otherwise call Fanny Joe, who, having hired himself as secretary to the commissioners under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house, and the help of pulvis fulminans, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow servants into the scheme, carried on the deceit without discovery to the very last. Combining this circumstance with the great doubts as to the existence of ghosts themselves, I conceive it less necessary to proceed with the exposition of my theory, because, if there be no spectres, there can be no change of colour in the candles; and if there be, the change is perfectly natural, for I should like to know which of us, standing in such a presence, would not look blue.—London Magazine.